

A GOLDEN HEART

By Margaret Hodges

A beautiful young girl and a grand-looking old man were about to cross the street in front of a second-rate city flat building. Suddenly the girl paused, halting her companion as well. She ran



**"I Cannot—Cannot Accept
Charity."**

back into the building as if she had forgotten something.

"Take care, there!" shouted a voice filled with alarm, as the old man abstractedly stepped from the curb straight in the path of a speeding automobile.

The speaker was an athletic young man, who had been scan-

ning the fronts of the buildings as if locating some address. His warning came too late, but his activity saved the situation. He made a superb dash. Just in time he drew the imperiled man back, but rather rudely shaken up.

"Are you hurt, Judge Folsom?" anxiously inquired a neighbor, rushing up to the spot.

"Judge Folsom—Judge Hiram Folsom?" spoke the young man quickly, touching his hat courteously.

"That is my name," replied the old man with a quiet dignity that well became the careworn but finely intellectual face. "I must thank you greatly. I told my daughter, Marcia, I was growing old and careless and—useless."

The speaker sighed. The face of his auditor showed a sympathetic nature. He had noticed a few moments previously the faded gentility of father and daughter. No one could help but observe Marcia Folsom. Even in her plain, much-worn but gracefully fitting suit she was a marvelously attractive young woman.

Now she came hurrying, pale and breathless, from the house, having caught some fleeting rumor of her father's peril. She glided to his side and viewed gratefully the young man, who had drawn a sealed letter from his pocket. The respectful homage indicated in his true, honest eyes appealed to her warmly, and her face softened to commendation and interest.

"I was looking for your home," explained the young man. "I am